

I am Weary Let me Rest- Seng Anh Benji by OkBenji

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Robin

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-08-21 08:12:58

Updated: 2019-08-21 08:12:58

Packaged: 2019-12-12 17:16:01

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 474

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: What rejection feels like to me.

I am Weary Let me Rest- Seng Anh Benji

So if you guys are like me (worthless reject's) Then this story will be a big fucken cliché. Lets do this shit.

Introduction:

The feeling of Rejection is bad. Not like, "My pet Hamster died boo hoo" sad, i mean like "I fuckin' hate my life and I wanna end it now". You know the Buddhist Priest that Burned himself to death in the Vietnam War because he was so emotionally sad about the millions of people dying in his country and the corrupt government of Ngo Diem Dinh? It's not as bad as that, it's pretty much a notch down from that.

So, like, Imagine if you had you're fucken eyelids cut off, Fingernails severed and been shot in the stomach with a 12 gauge shotgun, How would you feel? oh, i forgot to mention that you're still alive and you're nerves are feeling every little bit of the pain of the buckshot. Yeah, i'd want to just end my life right there. i'd relate that abit to rejection.

there are two ways of being rejected

1.) they do it quick, easy and nicely. It's like stabbing someone in the heart, tensely, and saying "oh, it's okay, shh, shh...", basically, saying that "i don't feel the same way, sorry, but we can still be friends." the "But we can still be friends" Bit gives you a little bit of hope I guess. Making it quick and painless-ish.

2.) Fucking do it Slowly cos you're an asshole, prank them and joke around and call it "Banta" as an excuse and use you're love against yourself. Thats what dickheads do cos they think they're the best and you're a little shit to them so you don't mean anything to them. Tell you what, if anyone DOES do that to you, Don't even bother feeling sad. It's pathetic.

My perspective

Tell you something, i've been rejected myself. It fucking hurts. "It is cruel to Prolong an Animal's death" that's what i was to her. a fucking

animal. Or I was. it wasn't her fault but it still was.

You don't know what it feels like to give someone your love, a gift from you, and they just carelessly throw it away, like nothing. You spent time gathering up your heart for that one person, they scrap it and brush it off like dirt because they're better than you.

Once they realise how much they mean to you, they abuse it. they toss you around like someone's rag doll. they make fun of you. And in the end, they push a knife through you're heart and say "You're worthless to me, I hate you. Piss off."

You feel cold and bitter. you can't see clearly and you hate everything around you. Once they realise what they created, then they walk off, as if it wasn't their problem.